




yan's Year 15 (RY15) Bottom Line Up Front (BLUF): *Wow! Another truly blessed year!!!* Ah, well...you heard dat one did ya? Said that last year did I? Well, tis all still true, very true! Which means gentle and faithful reader tis time once again to gale and regale fair friend and friendly foe with fantastic feats and feasts of fancy from Floridastrasse and further afield as we count and recount the countless adventures and comical conundrums encountered by our wee band of Amer-Irish heretofore known in the great unknown as the Ryans in this our sumptuous summary of Ryan Hysterical Year 15 (RY15), the Annual Wee Epistle 16 (AWE16), marking as it does St. Patrick's Day – *Beannachtam na Feile Padraig!* Happy St. Patrick's Day! – the start of the new Ryan year (RY16). Start with Why my friend Simon O'Sinek says and “why” you well might ask. Tis gratitude simply put. Since the arrival of our progeny and the concomitant chaos at Christmas-time we've nary a chance to express to you in written form, as you have done for us,




the full depth of our (insert lots of slop and gush here) so 'tis well that we return such sentiments soundly sending such in such form as this from such as us to such as you. Well, from such and such to wishing you much! *Happy Ryan New Year 2015!* and *Céad Míle Fáilte* -- A hundred thousand welcomes!  And so commences this annual installment of the story thus far following on as it does to 23 similar salubrious salutations so sent since that first Year of Our Progeny (YOOP) 1991. It was a Gloria-ous year Thanks Be To God (TBTG) [Note: At this point a wee dram might be in order, or two or there]...



“It's all about the food” and there you have it: the meaning of life, the purpose of work, and the joy of living all embraced in Glamorous Gallivanting Gastronomical Gloria's (G4's) *raison d'être* and here she is at right in T.J. Ryan's pub in Cashel, Ireland (Co. Tipperary) fully fulfilling her life's purpose! Alert AWE-inspired patrons will no doubt recall our Friendly Floridastrasse Fun Finder (F4) (to wit the entertainment director on the street where we live) was a frolicking frequenter of feasts, fests and friendly forays to include but not limited to Tequila Tuesdays, Wine Wednesdays, Thirsty Thursdays and on an' on, and lo that those continue, she also, in her near sobriety it must be said, enlivened the German American Women's Club Lunch Bunch, lavished culinary riches upon dinner guests in our home, and twice imposed her presence on family in a place that is inexplicably called CONUS. Dancing the Turkey trot she braved a dawn patrol hot air balloon ride in Cappadocia--with a Turkish fighter pilot no less (don't send letters as St. Paul's done that already) and enriched her calcium levels in the pools of Pamukkale, while her butter half (ME) was working in Izmir. Her greatest feat of the year, besides bagging crazy deals at the Mall (on purses ;0), was moving from Techno-Tard to Digital Refugee on her POS “Smart” phone seeking asylum in myriad apps, tranquil texts, and sultry selfies (POS means too cheap to buy a good one—think about it). Lest ye fear, the RY15 great grape pilgrimage to *le Salon des Vins des Vignerons Indépendants à Strasbourg* with 50 of our closet friends capped another AWESome annual oenological acquisition effort. Now 6 years cancer free :0) TBTG!! she's just gettin' started...




 Hearty congratulations this year to Michael Me Boy (M<sup>MB</sup>) for his exceptional RY15 efforts: Getting out of bed, getting a job, and continuing the pursuit of a master's degree in Cyber Security at



UMUC! Now a budding barista at the Java Café, he continues to resist the genealogical inevitability of becoming his father, but he now does so with more grace and intellectual legerdemain than in his wild youth. M<sup>MB</sup>'s international adventures continue with Venture Crew (scouts for young adults), proclaiming even more passionately at Mass, retaining his dog walker / cat watcher neighborhood monopoly, and resisting circadian certainty fighting cyber aliens both day and night! The King of His Cave we nevertheless enticed M<sup>MB</sup> to travel by scenic train over the Swiss Alps to Italy and back, visit the occasional castle, hoist a maß or three (‘mah-ss’ 1-liter of German beer) at Stuttgart's biannual beer bashes, and spend a leisurely 3-week stint over the high holidays of winter at the ancestral manor in wee Carrolltown, County Cambria, in the hills of Pennsylvania. For those inclined to original source research see Matthew 3:17 for a fuller explanation of fatherly sentiment. And if some fair lassie you know is so inclined, dowery



or not, M<sup>MB</sup> could make himself available for extracurricular activities (whether at her or his (my) expense is negotiable).

 Carissa is Boston Irish living life large and loving it! Inundations of snow and parents notwithstanding, she's thriving as an Account Executive at Pluck PR, Newbury St, Boston, as an experienced Hash House Harrier (a drinking club with a running problem), and as a long-distance runner having completed the Marine Corps Marathon, her first, in 4:33:36! You go girl! Parents and Rescue Parents convened in May for her formal graduation from



BU (for longer than she hoped it must be said!). Life with Mom & Dad paying wasn't so bad as an evening harbor cruise, new clothes etc. etc. salvaged the prodigious pain of parental presence. Whilst Gloria departed Boston for family further west (can't get much more east don'tcha know), Dad ran and drank a Hash, did laundry and housework (don't tell Gloria) and hosted Carissa to High Tea with champagne at, of all places, the Boston Public Library (as drink is the only thing that will get me into a library!!!) Carissa was our Christmas present in the aforementioned Carrolltown; carousing, caroling, and cajoling to her hearts content but only briefly as work and \_\_\_ drew her away. To fill in that blank



ALTAIR's (Admiring Long-Time AWE-Inspired Readers) will be eager to know King Squirrely remains Chieftan of the Sacred Family ruling in Kitty Barrow with Love Cat, over some increasingly expensive bottles of bubbly, the eclectic concatenation of curious cuddlies, and (cue the heavenly host) a new beau! The Jeff is, no kidding, a rocket scientist – with a personality – who, I do hope your sitting down, has so much in common with Dad as to be immediately likable to anyone he encounters! (Heh, it could happen!) And we first met him, quite by accident, at the greatest restaurant in the world, the Kebab Palace in Crystal City, Virginia where no Michelin employee has ever set foot.



Runcations to Montreal, Vermont and a pilgrimage to San Francisco to meet the Jeff's parents (happening now) rounded out her year. 🍷 Volvo+4 could not get to Singapore, but we did! Marvelous to be in paradise with our wonderful Asian clan for Singapore's 50<sup>th</sup> birthday! The Paris Air Show with the mini USAFA '82 reunion at a CODEL lunch was a bonus! A delightful French war college reunion dinner Chez Karri, which was an amazing evening, brought Asia, Europe, and N. America back together again!!! A trip to Whitesburg, Georgia to watch a plan come to fruition in marriage was magical (who says double-blind dates don't work) and the Zip Line at Banning Mills was way cool too! Reims, Brussels, Den Haag, Paris again, Oberammergau of course, Ulm, Strasbourg (Oh Au Crocodil ;0), Heidelberg and Killarney, Ireland filled many a week and weekend with all that is wonderful, caloric, alcoholic, and otherwise in Europe! And all who know, know that Ireland is an Emerald. As returning Wild Geese we took advantage of the fastest car on earth, a rental car, departing Dublin to the south and west



basing ourselves in Killarney for a cloudless and tourist-less tour de force of the Ring of Kerry – breathtaking – and, having recovered sufficiently in Public Houses (aka Pubs) we repeated our intrepid endeavor around the Dingle peninsula in more typical climes, which were nonetheless, spectacular! A brief respite touring the Dingle distillery with Joe Joyce put us in good Irish form and just in time for in this part of Ireland the road signs (and I am not making this up) say things like “Warning: Turn back now” and “Oncoming traffic will be in the middle of the road”! Sterner stuff these Irish. 🍀 ME (Michael the Elder) continued to bask, as all good Irishmen do, in the grace of God (TBTG!) evidenced by his new baby Jaguar (see below left), which



arrived at the end of April! And no, it's not a mid-life crisis car, it's a mid-adolescent crisis car as I've wanted an XK for 40 years--and it is worth the wait! Vroom... As if that weren't enough, ME was blessed with: two (not tree) staff rides to France (Maginot Line and Normandy--IHO RGC); an offsite in Oberammergau at the beloved NATO School; having the honor of attending RGC's interment at Arlington; driving the aforementioned Jaguar; getting to know Simon Sinek; mil-jetting on business to Copenhagen, and com-jetting to Offutt, NE / College Station, TX on a transatlantic flight which flew right past the ancestral C-town (and I got pictures to boot!); speaking hither an yon; Munich's Oktoberfest (and why not? But they should serve Guinness!); driving the Jaguar; dining at National Harbor in DC; driving the Jaguar;

watching Tops in Blue at the AF Ball; driving the Jaguar; and participating as an honored guest of the Mayor on Bastille Day in La Vancelle, France; not to mention attending the Irish Consul General's St. Paddy's Day celebration here in Stuttgart – and all of the above with the nearest and dearest of friends from our many happy years of service to our nation! TBTG!!! Hopefully by now you will have guessed that ME & G4F4 kissed the Blarney stone while in Ireland this year!!!

🍀 Finally, as is our custom please join us in inviting our Lord to watch over our coalition on troops as they go into battle today and to give comfort to those who've come home and to the families of those who did not. Godspeed.

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For more of all things Ryan visit us on the web at [www.annual-wee-epistle.com](http://www.annual-wee-epistle.com)

LIVE MEMORABLY! -- Lovecat, Obi Wan and Moonbeam too!

